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#### On the Cover

Pfc. Richard Deprima, C Co., 304th Signal Battalion carries a young orphan on his shoulders during the Thanksgiving orphanage visit at Camp Colbern.

Thanksgiving story page 14

Photo by Sgt. Sarah Maxwell



#### 1st Signal Brigade APO AP 96205

#### Message from 1st Signal Brigade Commander

To the soldiers, civilians, and families of 1st Signal Brigade:

Greetings and wishes for a Happy Lunar New Year. This holiday, along with Chusok, are the two most important holidays in Korea. Recently people have started to say, "Make a lot of blessings this year."

The unfolding of current events on the peninsula means that now more than ever we need to be ready to "fight tonight." We will do this through the fielding of and training on new equipment, battalion and brigade exercises, and RSOI. Everyone needs to stay focused on the mission, conduct METL focused training to standard, maintain our equipment, and above all do it safely.

With the New Year I ask that you reinforce your commitment to take care of yourselves so you can take care of your families and each other. Remember that the people you serve with are your Army family. If you are aware of problems or destructive behavior of a fellow soldier, bring it to the attention of the chain of command, a superior or the chaplain. Help is out there. Be pro-active before it is too late.

Marcia joins me in wishing many New Year's blessings to you.

God Bless.

"First To Communicate!"

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Ronald M. Bouchard COL, SC

Romes M. Bornhan

Commanding



#### 1st Signal Brigade APO AP 96205

#### Message from 1st Signal Brigade Command Sergeant Major

Greetings Team Signal! As always, it is both a privilege and an honor to address all of you in this forum - the Voice of the ROK. I hope that everyone had a safe and joyous holiday season. I realize that for most of our great soldiers, it was a difficult time being away from the family. However, every soldier of this brigade needs to know that your daily sacrifices and selfless dedication to help maintain peace and stability in this region is appreciated by the entire chain of command. You make this brigade what it is... The Best Signal Brigade in the Army!

As we reflect back on the past year, we see that we had a very eventful and successful year. It should come as no surprise to anyone that we achieved great success in the following...

- \* Outstanding support of exercises Reception, Staging, Onward movement and Integration (RSO&I) and Ulchi Focus Lens (UFL). Absolutely the best!
- \* Earned Soldier of the Year and Runner-up NCO of the Year honors at the U.S. Army Signal Command NCO/Soldier of the Year Competition.
- \* Closed out the fiscal year at over 100% in all categories for Reenlistment. The most ever that this brigade has achieved in many years!
- \* Equipment fielding, installs and upgrades.
- \* Quarterly/Semi-Annual Training Briefs.
- \* Brigade/Battalion Command Inspections.
- \* Exceptional community support, VIP visits, Base Defense/QRF exercises. And the list goes on and on...

Team Signal; be forewarned that the New Year promises to be just as busy, if not busier, than the last. Again, I solicit everyone's support in ensuring that we're all fully engaged in looking out for each other and doing the right thing, both on and off duty. Remember your seven Army values and you can't go wrong.

In closing, remember to stay safe. The winter season here in Korea can be very harsh. Always exercise sound judgment when conducting risk assessments before driving in poor weather conditions. Take the time to ensure proper procedures are being followed when using space heaters and pot bellied stoves. We

cannot afford to let down our guard where safety is concerned. Safety first, soldiers and families always!

"There is no substitute for outstanding leadership!"

Alejo C. Quinata CSM, USA 1st Signal Brigade

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# Editorial 304th Sig. Battalion's Dining In seen through the eyes of a KATUSA

By Pfc. Han, Woo Suk 304th Sig. Bn. Personnel

"What are these enchanting ladies and gentlemen up to? Oh, it's the "Dining In" Day today. Maybe I should change into a suit and actually buy a tie for myself. Is there a dress code for this event? Uh... No!! Just a decent looking suit or whatever for KATUSAs ..."

The 304th Signal Battalion Dining In was held on the Nov. 15 at Camp Humphreys. Never having attended one before, and the fact that the 1st Signal Brigade commander, Col. Ronald M. Bouchard and Command Sgt. Maj. Alejo C. Quinata were present, I had expected something that would be super formal.

The affair turned out to be nothing more than an opportunity for about 300 soldiers to socialize. We met officers and non-commissioned officers from within the battalion and got to know each other on something other than professional terms.

The events that we had been waiting for were initiated by the President of the Mess, 304th Sig. Bn. commander Lt. Col. John S. Holwick, and the Vice President, Chief Warrant Officer Max Bennett.

We started with an invocation from the battalion chaplain that was truly divine. Everybody had their eyes closed and prayed.

I could not tell what each of them were praying about though, so absorbed was I in doing the same. We then went through the posting of the colors and the toasts. I would run out of paper if I write every step in detail, so I've decided to write about the "Grog Bowl Ceremony" and "Entertainment Skits" since these were the two most interesting parts.

During the Grog Bowl Ceremony, I would say that Holwick, was the one having the hardest time. He had to drink a glass of "Grog" that was a semi-liquid mixture of various kinds of alcohol and a pair of socks.

He made me realize how hard it must be at times to be a colonel.

It was a bit disgusting but also interesting. Anyway, the second most hilarious part, the entertainment skits came after a while.

The first sergeants from Headquarters and Headquarters Company and A, B and C companies presented skits that lampooned the 304th Sig. Bn. Command Sgt. Maj. Phillip Douglas.

The entire audience could not stop laughing, or rather, I should say that they were just out of control. The whole HHC's act was really funny with First Sgt. Darryl Scott trying to fake the command Sgt. Maj. with his winter Physical Training hat on.

Scott is about six feet and five inches tall, which means he is huge as Goliath, but was acting really ... uh ... I'm not sure if I should say this but ... really cute.

Another memorable act was put-on by C Co., again featuring the character of Douglas. What was particularly funny was their portrayal of the battalion orderly room NCO, Sgt. Joseph Knight, and his tendency to cock his head to one side while standing at-ease.

Maybe you just should've been there, but take my word for it, it was funny.

After the entertainment Bouchard, the evening's guest speaker, gave a speech about the history of the 1st Signal Brigade and the evolution of the communication equipment it uses.

He also talked about the souls of the soldiers who died in Korea for their country and the freedom. He reminded us that we should always maintain our traditions and standards.

In closing, I would like to say that every minute of the event was a blast except for the fact that somebody put a chicken meal coupon on my table instead of beef.

### Chaplain's Corner

# God's community is important

By Chaplain (Capt.) Dwight Croy 304th Sig. Bn.

"Therefore when you come together in one place, it is not to eat the Lord's Supper."

#### I Corinthians 11:20

In the misty mountains of Northern Oregon five decades ago, there resided a new and struggling church. Railroad, lumber and agriculture represented a community of hard work and determination. People from these walks of life rarely received a personal invitation to go to church. If a fragile community did not put their effort in the right area, the town soon becomes a whirlwind that never came across human memory.

The lonely whistle of the train through our town seemed to be a picture of the deep spiritual needs of the community. Often a preacher does not sweat in his line of work, but as a child, sweat was seen by pouring one's self out on to a spiritually thirsty community.

The mortality rate of children was a sad burden that my dad carried from week to week. One to two children a month would die. Adults kept this grim reality from many still happily growing children. Jobs were butterflies that would flitter from place to place, teasing those who desired to settle down, work hard and watch their family grow roots into a community.

People who migrated with jobs were greeted with mutual understanding and required little "initiation rites" to be accepted into the community. Yes, a preacher sweats by praying for the saints, weeping with the saints, and preaching the Word to equip the saints for every part of life.

Community entertainment looked different back then and often depended upon what the local people declared it to be. Boys like me, were entertained by climbing trees, burn-

ing holes in slugs with a magnifying glass, and letting my dad's prized angel fish (a rare thing to have back then) swim away in the back water ditch.

Going on "visitation" with mom was often a treat. People wanted to share a little hard candy, fruit or a homemade cookie. Since those

things were not abundant, thankfulness came easy. For the adults, alcohol had its empty promises and there was little to dance about. Funerals were an unusual mix of social meeting and an act of endurance. In spite of these hardships, relationships had great value, community purpose was strong, and the practice of faith in God very much alive.

The American spirit was one of community, corporate investment, hard work, looking out for the next generation, and doing it all under a mighty God who helped us when we asked. Yet, this was only one American community.

As a boy my eyes were observing for the first time the dynamics of what a church is all about. One who is from a background of polished traditional religion, would be hard pressed to call our small group a "church".

On Sunday, people would

cram into our "church" (an abandoned bank); a little crumbling brick building heated by a metal stove in the middle of the room. Yet, another entertainment value for

boys daring each other to throw rubber bands on the stove during the service. Grouchy adults who were trying to get through the service without a smoke between the worship service and Sunday school policed boys, who dared some mischief.

A wire was strung across the front of the

room with a curtain always pulled to the side. It was rarely used, but seemed to add a touch of importance to the foot high stage. Sunday school was a simple affair in which all the classes laid claim to part of the room. The sound of study and prayer together was a sound of strength in this spiritual community.

In a child's eyes, motivations for being in church were simple and quite often black and white. Big families came for the potlucks, all people came for friendship, some to show off themselves or something they had, old people had time to pray together, and as the Pastor's kid I knew people just liked to listen to my dad because he was perfect in my eyes. Yet, this was only one American church community.

God is bigger than our life span and had a lesson for me at my young age. This was even before my

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